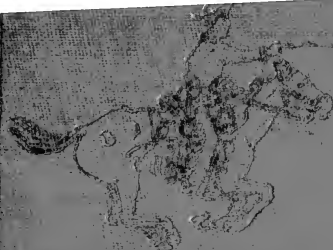


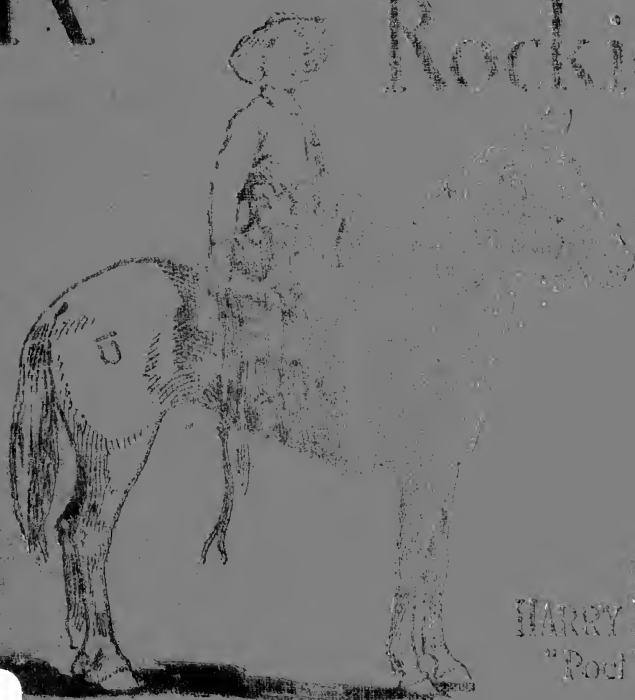
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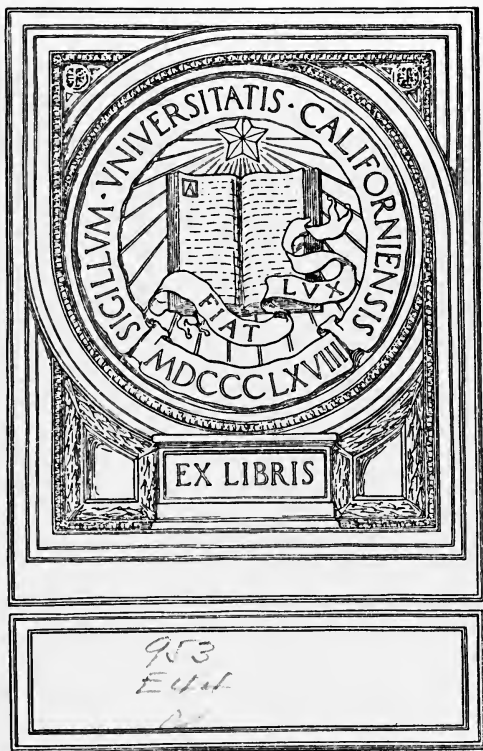
Ranch Tales of the Rockies.



BY
HARRY ULLARD
"Red Legat."

Y7553138

LCR



Sincerely Yours
Harry Elland

Feb 14 - 1900

and much
gratitude, and
much love.



Harry Ellard

RANCH TALES OF THE ROCKIES

BY

HARRY ELLARD

"POET LARIAT OF THE RANCHES"



AUTHOR'S EDITION

CAÑON CITY, COLORADO

1899

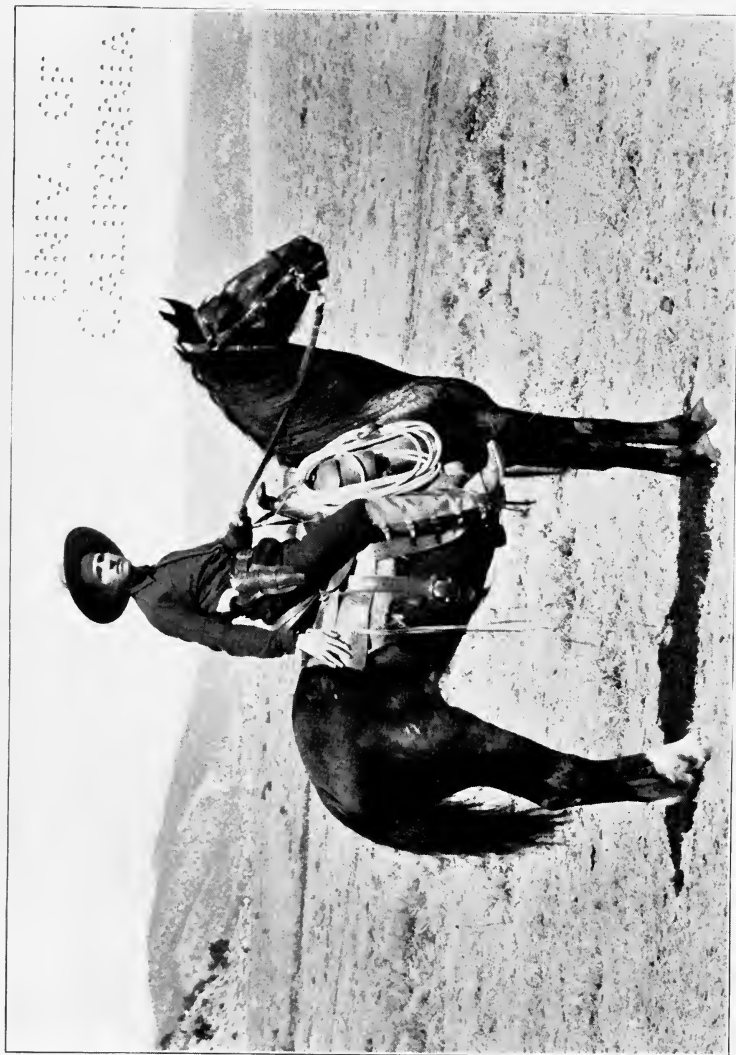
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HARRY ELLARD,
CAÑON CITY, COLORADO.

TO VIRL
ANDERSON

72350
L45 R
1899
MAIN

TO MY DEAR MOTHER
WHOSE LOVE AND DEVOTION IS WITHOUT
AN EQUAL, THIS VOLUME IS AFFEC-
TIONATELY DEDICATED.

939863



"MY BRONCHO."

*My Broncho is no Pegasus,
To reach Olympian heights,
But still up Rocky Mountain slopes
He takes me in his flights.
'Tis here that thoughts come "rounding up"
To Nature, near akin,
So I throw my mental lariat,
And strive to "rope them in."*

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THE RANCHMAN'S STORY.

YOU see that poor broncho—just look at him, stranger;
He is not very handsome, but he's battled with danger.
That barbed-wire scar you see on his side
Is the mark that a hero might point to with pride.

So you want me to tell you the story? All right;
Just wait till I give him his feed for the night.
For I say to you, stranger, I'd go without bread
To pile up the hay for that dear broncho's bed.

Well, 'twas a night on the range, 'neath the shining moon's
beams,
I had tethered my horse and laid down to my dreams,
With my head in the saddle, which I threw on the ground,
And soon I was snoring in a sleep that was sound.

I was roused by a noise—my broncho was neighing:
“There's danger around,” I thought he was saying.
Soon an ominous howl in the distance I heard—
My whole being thrilled with the horror it stirred.

The terrible sound, well known to my ear,
Was enough to excite the bravest man's fear.
For the fierce mountain wolves — a ravenous pack —
Were howling, and rushing fast on to my track.

'T was the work of a moment my saddle to cinch ;
My rifle, well loaded, to my side I did clinch.
I was off in a second, like the flight of the wind,
While the wolves, in their anger, were racing behind.

I knew they were gaining close on to my course,
I held the rein loose and spurred the poor horse.
Fast onward he went, with hastening speed,
Nor heeded the cactus that made his feet bleed.

O'er sharp, cutting rocks in terror he fled,
Through the brush and the sage he eagerly sped.
Then he stumbled and fell. Oh, God ! my blood froze,
And only thawed out when the horse again rose.

Oh, how my heart ached, as I held to the rein,
To cut the brave horse with the spurs once again;
For I knew the keen pain from his raw, bleeding knees,
As we passed like the lightning beneath the pine trees.

Still closer behind the broncho's swift heels,
The cry of the wolves in hunger still peals.
So near, I could see in the darkness arise
The fiery glow of their fierce, shining eyes.

So close, I could hear their hot, panting breath,
As they hounded me on, as I thought, to my death.
My rifle I grasped, I made a shot tell,
For with the report I heard a sharp yell.

Again and again, as I turned my eyes back,
At random I shot in the blood-thirsty pack.
Once more on the air came a loud cry of pain,
As the broncho leaped forth, a few steps to gain.

I 'rose in my saddle, still urging him on,
As I saw in the sky the first flush of dawn.
He scaled the barbed wire at Ranch Double-Bar ==
Which branded forever that deeply cut scar.

From the deep, cruel wound the blood streamed in his
flight.

Oh, never again may I see such a sight.
We had distanced the wolves in the maddening race ;
They had turned in their course to give up the chase.

But my brave little broncho, who saved me from death,
Now fell to the ground, with his fast failing breath.
But from the near ranch how the cowboys did run,
Who had risen for work at the dawn of the sun.

They had seen my swift flight, had heard my loud call,
Had seen the wild plunge and my broncho's sad fall.
I only gasped "wolves," they now understood,
Why the flanks of my horse were bathed in his blood.

They lifted me up with the tenderest care,
And soon I revived in the fresh morning air.
"Oh, boys, if you love me," I cried in my grief,
"Do something at once for my broncho's relief."

They bathed the sharp cut, some skill they did show
In staunching the blood till it ceased in its flow.
With the hand of a surgeon one sewed up the wound,
As the weak, panting beast lay still on the ground.

Now, stranger, I tell you, if you want a good friend,
There's none like the cowboys on whom to depend.
I've trusted and tried them, as I have my brave steed,
And I welcomed their aid in my hour of need.

My broncho is scarred—not in war's bitter strife,
But he saved with his daring a ranchman's dear life.
Would I sell him? Oh, stranger, no purse could e'er hold
A treasure so vast as his value untold.



BOOTS.

IN the bed rock vein at Red Cliff in the mining days of yore,
Men sought with zest and vigor for the gold and silver ore.
They struggled for these riches from morning until night,
And dreamed of happy futures where the prospects all were bright.

They all were strong and hearty, ambitious in their aim,
And worked with manly courage in staking out a claim.
And when the "pay dirt" yielded in the vein that they had struck,
They blessed the happy hour they had met with such good luck.

They were jolly, free and easy, and relished any fun,
When they sought their miner's quarters, after all their work was
done;
And their rough, unpainted cabins resounded oft with song,
Which cañon walls repeated in echoes loud and long.

Against one woman in the camp they never bore a grudge,
Although she led the weary life of a patient, toiling drudge.
But something in her bearing commanded their respect,
While her filial devotion was touching in effect.

Her father—old and worthless—scarcely drew a sober breath,
But his daughter's oft assertion, she would stick to him till death,
Had made the jolly miners very frequently refrain
From making sport of "Daddy," as they called the old man's
name.

When "Daddy" and his daughter first came into the camp,
They were both forlorn and hungry from a long and weary tramp;
They seemed as lean and lanky, as if fed on roots and straw,
And looked as odd a couple as a person ever saw.

The girl was dressed up in a fashion which was strictly all her own,
And it was n't in the latest style or of the highest tone.
Her waist was an old army coat her father once had worn,
With the elbows darned and patched, to hide the places that were
torn.

His soldier blanket made her skirt, which clasped her tightly
round,
And from its scanty measurement was far above the ground;
And reaching up to meet this skirt some leather boots she wore
Which gave to her the queerest name a maiden ever bore.

For when the men first saw her and heard her sounding tread,
The name of "Boots," as lightning, flashed through each miner's
head;
And ever thus they dubbed her, which she never did resent,
But with a calm indifference upon her way she went.

Of a shack she took possession, and for a business sign
She painted " Meals for Miners " upon a board of pine.
This she nailed upon her cabin, and in a week or two
Boots found as much upon her hands as she possibly could do.

The pay, from willing patrons, eked out her slender purse,
While they relished all her cooking and said it might be worse.
She scrubbed her cabin daily, keeping things so clean and bright,
The miners oft declared the room gave them an appetite.

When seated at the table they would watch her skill with pride,
As she flopped the flap-jacks over upon the other side;
Then she snatched them from the griddle as soon as they were
brown,
And, soaked well with molasses, they were quickly swallowed down.

She had a merry nature, with many a joke in store,
And often turned in whirling dance outside her cabin door.
And more than one rough miner, had in his homely way,
Declared he loved her better than any words could say.

Boots kept her council wisely, and not a man did know
On whom she deemed most worthy her affections to bestow.
And often she would say, with smiles, " Don't ask me now to
choose,
For if I took the heart of one, all the others I would lose."

One day Boots went to "timber," she thought that in her tramp
She would get a load of "pinion" to bring some day to camp.
She believed in gathering fuel before the Winter came,
For she could wield a heavy axe, in steady stroke and aim.

The men saw her with an axe and rope and heard her steps depart,
And a longing for a little fun seemed to seize each miner's heart;
But in their reckless spirit honor drifted from their sight,
And for a time their actions proved they knew not wrong from
right.

For one had said, "Old Daddy's drunk and Boots has gone away,
So let us rouse the old chap up, and have some sport to-day;
I've got some cans of colored paint—let us smear it on his clothes,
And give a fine, artistic touch to eyebrows and to nose.

"Let's paint his old gray whiskers green, his shirt a shining red,
And the ace of spades we'll put on top the bald spot on his head;
His chin and cheeks we'll decorate with diamond, heart and club,
And on his dingy leather 'shaps' some blue paint we can rub.

"We'll get the old man merry, and make him dance a jig,
And Boots will scarcely know him, when she sees him in this rig.
'T will be the greatest kind of fun to hear what she will say,
For all her dander will be up, she'll fight us right away.

“ But after her first anger’s gone she’ll laugh with all the rest;
She’ll think of all the jokes she’s seen that this one is the best.
And though she loves her worthless Dad, she’ll not begrudge the
fun

That we have had at his expense when all the work is done.”

When all the miners heard these plans they gave a mighty shout,
And cried, “ of all the schemes for sport this is the greatest out.
Let’s hurry up and get the paint, and get our subject, too ;
Our work of art should take a prize, the *treatment* will be new.”

So they carried Daddy in their arms and put him in a chair,
And soon proceeded with the brush to paint his clothes and hair.
In a maudlin, tipsy voice he said, “Now, boys, what’s that you do?”
“ Keep quiet, Daddy,” he was told, “we’re only painting you.”

“Oh, that’s all right,” he answered back, “for I’m not very clean;
Perhaps when I am painted Boots would think I could be seen.
She often said a gentleman would never look like me,
But after a good coat of paint a mighty change she’d see.

“ I’m glad you take an interest, boys, in fixing me up nice;
Boots often said she’d buy me clothes if it was n’t for the price.
But after this I’ll tell her, I’ve found out something, Boots ;
’T will be cheaper using paint, my gal, than buying me new suits.

"Now, Daddy, you're all finished, you're painted up in style;
Just dance for us a little jig," said laughing Jimmy Lyle.
"You've been walking like a sailor with his sea legs rolling round,
Now cut some graceful "pigeon wings" across the rocky ground.

"Yes, yes, I'll do my very best," said the old man, as he rose;
"For I used to be a dandy in turning out my toes."
But in his tipsy efforts he fell upon the ground,
While the men, with shouts and laughter, made all the rocks
resound.

Just then a woman's figure came quickly into view.
The men waited with impatience to see what Boots would do.
She heard their merry laughter and hastened to take part,
With no foreboding feeling of the insult to her heart."

She saw her poor old father lying down in his disgrace,
And the fury of a demon surged upward to her face;
She rushed to lift him gently, to place him in a chair,
Then turned toward the laughing men with a hard and stony stare.

Her cheeks were red with anger, she stood with lips compressed,
And for a moment motionless, with her hands across her breast.
And then, with scathing hatred, she hurled her words of scorn,
Till they pricked the hearts around her like a needle-pointed thorn.

“For shame!” she cried; “you sneaking curs, for the work that you have done.

I’ll take my vengeance out the hide of every mother’s son.”

She posed with arms a-kimbo, with a strong, unflinching nerve,
While from her firm position not an instant did she swerve.

“Come on!” she cried; “come on, you men that painted Daddy o’er,
You’ll find that I can use my fists until your bones are sore.

Whip me, a woman, if you can, you cowardly galoots!

Just try the mettle of the girl that you have all called Boots!

“You think you’ve done a worthy deed, to spread around your fame,

But you’ve only brought dishonor to the Bed Rock miner’s name.

To take a mean advantage of a poor, old drunken man,

Should class you with the cut-throats of a thievish mountain clan.

“You see me, men, with hardened hands, that work and labor tell,

But I have a heart within my breast that loves my father well.

I’ve been hail fellow with you all, and joined in merry jokes,

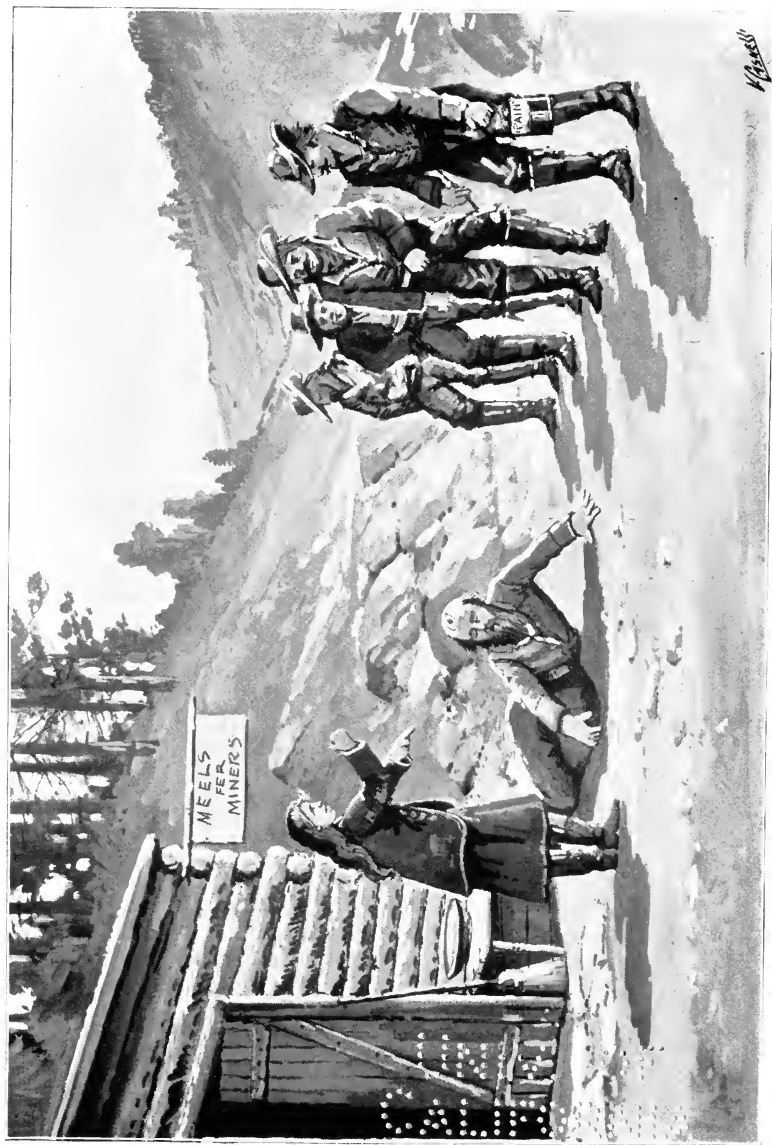
But now you’ve struck the tender spot, that all my ire provokes.

“And one among you dared to ask that I should be his wife.

He’ll have to find another girl, I would n’t trust my life

With one who has no pity for the helpless and the old;

He’d turn me out some rainy night in the darkness and the cold.



"'COME ON,' SHE CRIED."

no 1998
anterior

“Of course, you ’re rough and homely in your blackened miner’s clothes,

But true men live beneath their duds, as everybody knows.

And when my lad came courting me I kissed his grimy cheek,

And only thought of that clean heart that women always seek.

“But I ’m no more a woman — I ’ll meet you as a man —

My father has no stalwart son, but I ’ll be one if I can.

Come on ! stand up ! I ’m ready for a fair contested fight,

And if I fall I know full well my cause is just and right.”

The men all hung their heads in shame beneath her words of scorn,

And wished within their very hearts they never had been born.

For a time no word was spoken, till one, bolder than the rest,

Stood up with manly courage, and angry Boots addressed.

“We ’re sorry, Boots, for what we ’ve done, each man here is a chump ;

We ’ll swear by you forever ; for, my girl, you ’ve proved a trump.

We think the devil moved us when we did that dirty trick,

But we ’re not so bad as you have thought, we ’ll yet to honor stick.

“We’ll serve you, Boots, as ne’er before; we’ll act at your command;

And that old painted Dad of yours — we’ll take him by the hand,
And if a man dares treat him with respect less than his due,
There’ll be a fight till finished, and this we swear to you.

“And, Boots, although you’ve hinted each man looked like a tramp,
You’ll have a stout defender in each miner from this camp.
Boys, doff your hats to Boots, so brave; “hurrah, and tiger, too,”
And let her feel that we have left a little manhood true.”

Then the air around resounded with the ringing hearty yell,
Which evinced the kindly feeling no words could ever tell.
And in the eyes of trembling Boots was welling up a tear,
As, with a deferential air, the men to her drew near.

She took each proffered, grimy hand in a firm and honest grasp,
Which the men returned with fervor, as they held hers in their clasp;
And in the friendship now restored she felt again secure,
And believed their protestations to be sincere and sure.

She wiped her eyes upon her sleeve and checked a rising sob,
As she said with hearty, frankness, “I forgive you for this job;
But remember, boys, you must n’t try a woman’s heart too much,
For the fire of a devil she can kindle with a touch.”

A PARVENU RECEPTION.

SOME twenty years ago there came to lucky Golden Hill

A woman, called "Fat Peggy," and her husband they called Bill.

This Peggy did the washing for the miners in the camp,

While Bill was busy daily on a long prospecting tramp.

And often Bill was tired when he returned at night,

And reported unto Peggy no gold was yet in sight.

But Peggy had a hopeful heart and said to "hump it" still;

She was certain that he yet would strike some ore in Golden Hill.



BILL, WORKING AT HIS MINE ON GOLDEN HILL.

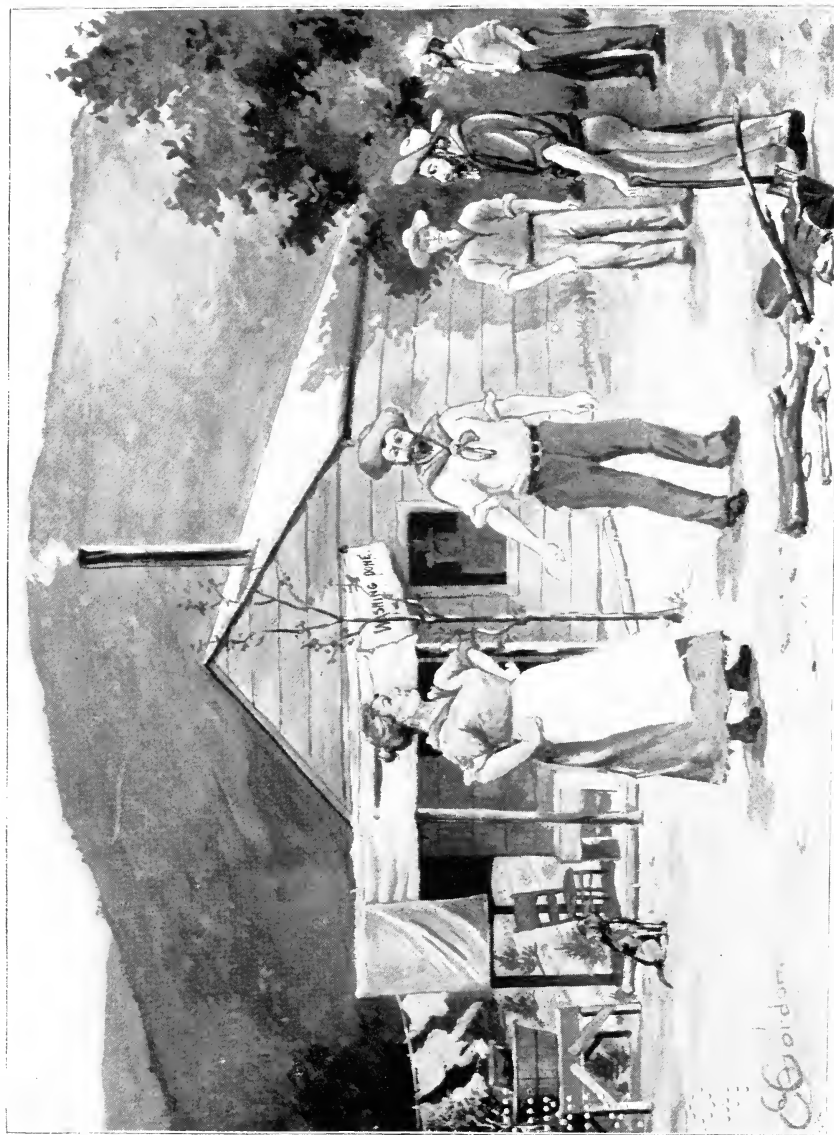
Now, Peggy was a woman who was liked by all around;
She was put up like a fighter, with her brawny arms so sound.
And when it came to "scrapping" she could give them all a rub,
Just as well as she could handle her washing board and tub.

She lived within a wooden shack, with a window and a door,
And thought it but the wildest dream to hope of having more,
As the money she was earning came slowly dime by dime,
By the work which kept her busy at the wash tub all the time.

"Why, Peggy, what a shame it is," a miner once did say,
"That you do all the labor, while Bill idles every day;
He'll never strike the 'pay dirt' or ore of any kind,
If he handles pick and shovel till he's old and gray and blind."

Then Peggy's face flashed fire—Bill's worth she did not doubt;
If any one dared do so, she would put him quick to rout.
"How can *you* judge of work?" she cried, "you good-for-nothing
clown !
If you say another word 'gainst Bill, I'll come and knock you
down."

She suited action to the word, and squared herself a bit,
And rolled her sleeves up higher for a pugilistic hit.
But the man had seen his error, and hastily had fled
Ere the blows of Peggy's anger had fallen on his head.



CALIFORNIA

"HOW CAN YOU JUDGE OF WORK?"

DRAWN BY CHAS. S. GORDON.

TO VNU
AMSTERDAM

So Bill kept on prospecting, every day about the same,
Until he struck some "pay ore" in the vein upon his claim.
He sunk his shaft in deeper, just to see how things would run,
Which revealed the hidden treasure, running thousands to the ton.

He did not say a single word, but started on the road
To tell his wife what he had found within his lucky lode.
"I've struck it rich, old gal," he said; "I'll be a millionaire.
I own the claim, and no one else can hold a single share.

"Now, in the future, Peggy, no money will you lack;
Take down that sign of 'washing done,' that's nailed upon our
shack.
You'll never dabble any more with wash tubs or with suds;
Just tell the men this simple truth next time they bring their duds."

He could not keep the secret, for the news soon spread around
Of the high assay that had been made upon this favored ground.
Next day the Denver papers page after page did fill
With heavy headlines, "All about the 'strike' on Golden Hill!"

It was not long ere Bill received a message from the East:
"An English syndicate of means would like to know the least
That you will take for your big mine. Just wire us, to-day,
If we can send our man at once, a sample to assay."

Bill answered back, "I'll fix the sum when I have seen your man;
But send him on as quickly as a locomotive can."
The agent tried the treasure and saw how it did run,
And wired to the syndicate: "Take it; thousands to the ton."

So, satisfied with the report, they bargained for Bill's claim,
And in a Colorado bank placed millions to his name.
Bill came to Denver, signed the deed, and all the work was done,
And blessed the day when he had struck his thousands to the ton.

He wrote to Peggy, "Leave the camp, put your washtubs in the fire,
I've got the dust for all the cooks and maids you wish to hire.
I never thought we'd realize such riches from our luck,
It only shows what can be done by grit and earnest pluck."

Bill prospered in each deal he made, his millions added more,
Till bank accounts and stocks and bonds were doubled by the score.
When thus his purse did overflow, on top he strived to bob,
And was known to all the neighbors as the wealthy Mr. Snob.

His name was on committees, while all the papers said
"Mr. Snob is public spirited; we'll place him at the head
Of all our local charities. We do not underrate
His worth by any kind of means—we know it's very great."

A strong desire seized him now to shine in social life;
He had the cash to do it, as he often told his wife.
So he relied upon her aid to help the cause along,
And fondly hoped to see her move among the favored throng.

On Upper Hill he built a house of old colonial style,
And in it he put everything he possibly could pile.
From the finest Turkish carpets on inlaid floor and stair,
While on his walls and bric-a-brac no money did he spare.

He bought a span of horses next, a tally-ho and coach,
That no one living on the Hill could e'er in style approach.
A retinue of servants very soon was placed in line,
So not a thing was lacking to make his palace shine.

He said to Mrs. Snob one day, "I'll tell you now, my gal,
You must give one of them parties what they call a musicale;
You must wear them finest dresses, what make you look so trim,
And show them round to all the folks, and so get in the swim.

"Tell 'em all about our organ, our Steinway Grand pianner,
And how our house is painted up in highfalutin' manner.
You must jine the church without delay, and see the preacher, too;
And tell him that you came to take his most expensive pew.

“Go buy an ivory prayer book first time you go to town,
With all them purple ribbons a hangin’ danglein’ down;
With anchors, hearts and crosses, all made of solid gold,
And ask how you must use them, for I was never told.”

So Mrs. Snob did as he said, in show she did not lack,
She piled the diamonds on her hands and silks upon her back;
And as a month or two went by was introduced around,
And felt that in the “social swim” she ‘d gained a little ground.

Now, since a few acquaintances had made a formal call,
’T was then her turn to give a “tea” and so outshine them all.
With this in view, she soon prepared to get her house in shape,
To hang her new lace curtains and her portieres to drape.

To wax and polish up her floors, wipe off the frescoed walls,
To spread the rugs, the mirrors dust, in all the rooms and halls;
To burnish up her fine cut-glass and all her silverware,
Until they shone as jewels bright, amid her china rare.

She kept the servants running from morning until night,
With a constant exclamation: “Make things look out of sight.”
When furniture and bric-a-brac had found its proper place,
Then to the card engraver did she quickly set her pace.

“Good morning, Mrs. Snob,” he said; “what can I do for you?”
As she strutted from her carriage and in the doorway flew.
“I want some good engravin’ done, on the invitation plan,
And make them just as big and fine as possibly you can.”

She handed him a list of names of people on the “Crest,”
And told him to address to each, “in writin’ of the best,”
One of these invitations to her social afternoon,
When she’d receive her many guests on the second day of June.

With this much done, she drove to see the florist of the town,
And told him he must fill, with care, the orders she wrote down.
“I want the house just bloomin’ up with all the latest flowers;
Hang ’em on the walls and ceilin’, from the basement to the towers.

“I do n’t want nothin’ snide,” she said, “so move yourself
around,
And see that all them flowers what’s a-growin’ in the ground
Is of the finest quality — do n’t mind the heavy bill —
I want to show the people we are nabobs of the Hill.”

The caterer she next did see, and told him all her needs,
And said: “I want you now to set me one of them champagne feeds,
With lots of macaronys and ice cream, white and red,
And all the other tasty grub, from the chicken to the bread.”

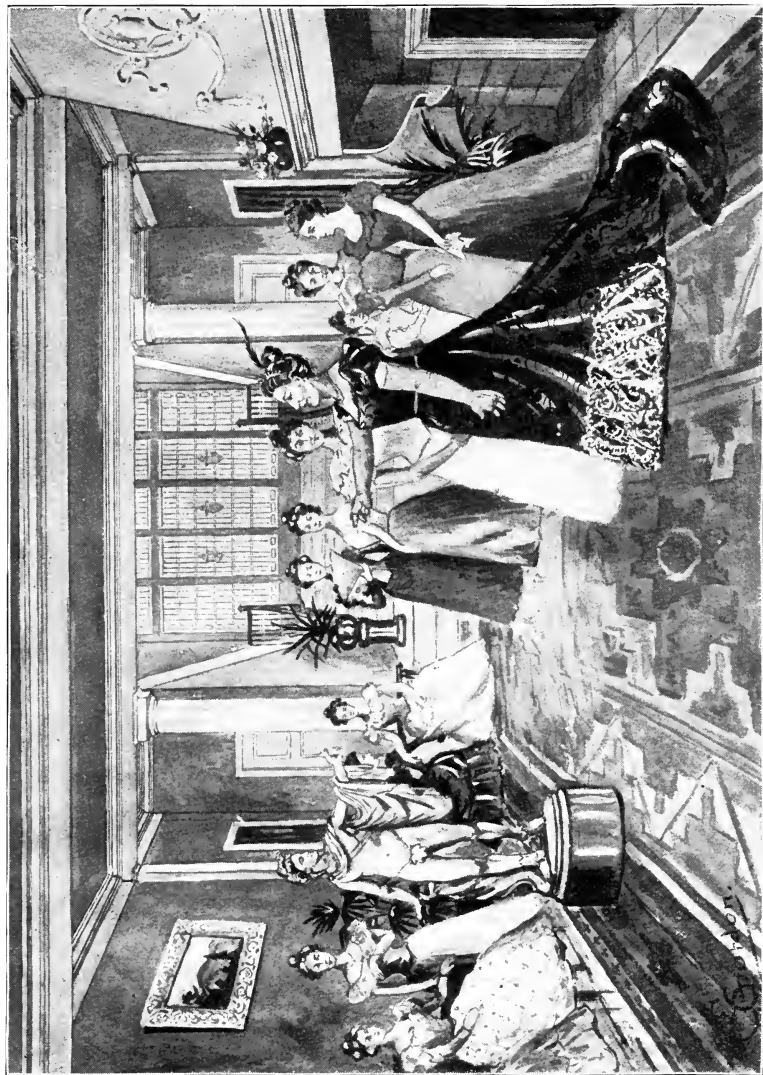
Her work was done, she felt quite sure that she would cut a swell,
And at her social afternoon all the elite would tell
That Mrs. Snob was just the one the upper set to lead;
In fact, her presence and her wealth filled up a wanted need.

When Mr. Snob came home at night she said, "My darlin' Bill,
When I get through this jamboree, there's no one on the Hill
But what will see we're right in line with breedin' of the best,
And from this time I'll hold my head much higher than the rest.

"I'm certain now you'll knock them out," her husband did reply;
"I'll give you all the checks you want, the best of things to buy;
So all the folks what comes that day, will spread the word about
That you can beat them cards and spades in givin' a blowout."

The day arrived for Mrs. Snob to hold her social sway.
She started in the early morn to fix her great array
Of silk and lace and choicest pearls, with diamonds every size:
'T was her intent to be the one to dazzle all their eyes.

Her gorgeous gown was silk brocade, with flounce of Brussels lace,
And as she viewed the lengthy train a smile spread o'er her face.
She rammed her pudgy fingers in a glove twice Number 3
When 9 would be the only size to fit her properly.



A PARVENU RECEPTION—"YOU SEE THAT LOVELY STATURE?"

She placed her rings outside her glove, above each finger joint;
With these stiff and jeweled digits at everything she'd point.
She wore a diamond necklace, a tiara on her head—
“‘There's nothin' like a showin' off some costly gems,’” she said.

'T was nearly three, the doorbell rang, the first to come was there;
The butler ushered her inside and up the inlaid stair.
For a dozen maids were waiting, decked out in snowy caps,
To help each one, as she arrived, to lay aside her wraps.

It was not long ere all had come to spend the afternoon,
And in the spacious drawing rooms they all assembled soon,
To pay respect to Mrs. Snob, who smiled and bowed and bowed—
The Queen of Sheba never felt so happy and so proud.

“How do you do,” she said to all, “just shashay'round the rooms,
And walk upon them carpets, what was made by finest looms.
Gaze on them ‘antic’ mantles, of the Lizzie Bethron age,
The man that sold them said to us, that they was all the rage.

“And you see that lovely stature, a standin' over here—
'T was made by some great sculptor—it's a Polly Belley Deer.
Inside that case is heirlooms, what every family owns;
Bill bought the biggest he could find among the precious stones.

“You see that Royal Rooster vase, and that other thing, so fine? Well, that is Mary Adna, a ridin’ on a lion. That’s done in Marrow Marble, but I often thought it strange, She did n’t ride a broncho, as the girls do on the range.

“You know our coated arms are stamped on everything around. We’ve got a Steer rampageous, a-scootin’ over ground. For when we bought this finery, they threw in a family crest; We was n’t goin’ to be outdid by any of the best.

“Now, look at them there pictures—they cost an awful pile, But the artist said the colors was all done up in “ile;” This was the most expensive paint that any one could buy, For all we used upon the barn did never come so high.

“And the frame around that paintin’, with its mouldering of gold, Was the brightest and the biggest that the man had ever sold. He said the style was Renner Saunts—whatever that might be; But anyhow, I bought the frame—for it just suited me.”

“I admire your esthetic taste,” remarked one of the guests;
“For the light shown in that landscape, which upon the mountain
rests,
Beams forth in glowing splendor, like the rosy tints of dawn,
When from the Chariot of the Sun is heralded the morn.

“These works of art, dear Mrs. Snob, help elevate our lives,
And lift to the ideal plane, for which one always strives.
Environment can educate; besides it often will,
To even those of obscure birth, a cultured taste instill.”

“Well, I guess them words are proper and everything polite;
I’d like to spout them out myself, and fit ’em in all right,
But I’ll be patient as I can, till things just fall in line;
Them fancy words and learnin’ will, I know, all come in time.”

“Your worthy, high ambition,” replied another one,
“Must really be commended, for your aspirations run
In a literary channel—to fulfill them is the rub.
So, Mrs. Snob, you’d better join our newest Woman’s Club.”

“Well, I guess I will,” she answered back, “for I’ve got all the
books—
The very best, as you will see, a judgin’ by their looks;
All bound in Rooshun leather; the standard works, they said,
Writ by the smartest kind of men, all out of their own head.

“Now, Standard Calico is good, and Standard Wagons, too;
So I just thought that Standard Books were just the ones to do.
Just go into the libr’y, and I think you’ll see at once
That any one what reads them books could never be a dunce.”

And a literary buro sent to me the other day
A notice, that they'd write me, in the finest kind of way,
Any paper that I wanted, on Literature or Art ;
So I guess that's what is needed, if I wish a proper start.

For some they charged ten dollars, for others twenty-five,
But the price wont cut no figure, as sure as I'm alive;
I'll buy the very best they've got, if I'm called upon to read,
For among the smartest women I would like to take the lead.

"Then pass into the dining room, where all the lunch is free.
Just help yourself to anything and everything you see.
Look at all my Dreggin China, and that from Haverland,
For all the flowers on the plates was painted there by hand."

She said in cordial tones to each, "Now make yourselves to hum;
Indeed, I say, I'm very glad to think that you did come;
For the man what prints the paper said he'd put in every name,
From a Revelation Daughter to each Colossal Dame.

"I suppose he knows just what is right in sortin' out the list,
For maybe he thinks some is seed and some is only grist.
He said he'd say my social was "researchy, delly crame"—
This sounds to me as if it was a mighty stylish name.

“Now, listen to that music, and the tootin’ of them horns—
It makes me feel like dancin’, if it was n’t for my corns.
I’ve a cracker-jack high singer, that’s a comin’ after while
To give you all the op’ry songs, just in the latest style.”

The band played on, the singer came, which Mrs. Snob did please;
She bowed and scraped, she laughed and grinned, and bobbed her
head with ease;

Her gloves had burst with shaking hands—she did not seem to
care,

She only said she had the stuff to buy five hundred pair.

And as the guests bade her adieu, each one in turn did say :

“Dear Mrs. Snob, we’ve had, indeed, a most delightful day.”

“La sakes alive ! you do n’t say so ! of course, I thought you
would;

I spent as much on this affair as anybody could.”

But, as each woman drove away, each to the other said :

“How terrible it was to see a woman so ill-bred

Aspiring for a social place among our favored few.

Such plutocrats as Mrs. Snob will surely never do.

“For society, in such a case, will go from bad to worse,

And credentials for the future will simply be a purse.

If thus, pretense and ignorance, within our lines are linked,

A social aristocracy will soon become extinct.”

When Mr. Snob returned at night, his loving partner said :
“ Well, Bill, my dear ; I think we ’ve knocked all socials in the head.

I acted, Bill, most beautiful ; my manners were the best ;
We ’re right on top, forever, now, to swim with all the rest.”

Bill took her hand and said with glee : “ You ’re just a bully gal
For runnin’ so successful, your first great musicale.
But I ’ve been told a piece of news, which you ’ll be glad to hear ;
My name will head the ticket as a Congressman this year.”



THE ANGLOMANIAC IN THE ROCKIES.

WE have met the Anglomaniac — a nuisance to abate;
With turned-up trousers, and a walk that's rolling in its gait;
With a short and stylish topcoat, a monocle, and cane
Whose head reposes in his mouth, to make him look insane.

A snob, of deepest, darkest dye, with an imitation drawl,
And a nondescript demeanor, with no significance at all;
Whose inadequate pretensions deserve but laugh and scorn,
As he aims to be a type of man who never yet was born.

He says he's truly English to the marrow of his bone,
And grieves the Yankee nation is so vulgar in its tone.
He mourns that such misfortune existed on the earth
As to make this "blarsted country" the region of his birth.

If the Roentgen rays could take him, we would see the empty place
Which other men have brains to fill, within the cranium's space.
And beneath the smooth exterior of his well-cut London vest,
We'd see the stupid, vain conceit, that fills his selfish breast.

He was touring through the Rockies and came to Circle A, ④
And said that if we did not care, that he would like to stay,
To see the inside working of a truly Western ranch,
And to study cattle-raising in every root and branch.

So we told him he was welcome, to make himself at home,
And on the range to wander, as the other cattle roam.
But this silly imitation did nothing else but laud
Every English trait or custom which struck him when abroad.

He criticized our horses, our bronchos, and our mules,
And looked at all the cowboys as if he thought them fools;
He scrutinized the cattle, and wondered they could thrive
On such very scanty pasture and still be kept alive.

The boys could scarcely help a smile at the airs that he assumed,
When he said the cows in England looked as if they all were
groomed.

“And the Southdown mutton,” smacking lips, “there’s nothing
like it here ;

For I find the meat quite tasteless in the Rocky Mountain steer.

“Those ‘Puncher’ saddles, as you say, are very rough, indeed;
I wonder, with their heavy weight, you accomplish any speed.
Those tapaderos! they’re only fit for a bandit or a thief.
And when you take them off, I’m sure the beast must feel relief.

“And those ‘round-ups’ that you talk about! Why let your stock run wild?

This senseless course, I think, would be apparent to a child.
Why not house them, as in England, in a large, good cattle shed,
And have a stated time arranged at which they could be fed?

“Your ranch is very barren, he suggested, after while;
I should think you ought to fix your grounds in better kind of style.
In all the English parks I’ve seen, upon the other side,
In landscape gardening, as an art, they take uncommon pride.

“I see no flower beds around, when they could add so much
To your primitive surroundings, by an artistic touch
Of color to the landscape, which no one will deny,
Adds beauty to the outlook, against a western sky.

“There are roses and chrysanthemums, magnolia blossoms, too;
With jessamine, carnation, and forget-me-nots so blue;
And o’er your cabin you could train some pretty trailing vine,
To hide the roughened timbers, as they gracefully entwine.

“Why, the peasantry of Europe, e’en of the humblest kind,
Seem to bear this sense of beauty forever in their mind;
We look upon the cottages, thus easily bedecked,
And the taste that’s here exhibited commands a man’s respect.”

The cowboys got so tired of his supercilious airs,
They thought they'd like to feed him to the coyotes or the bears,
But they only waited for a chance, as they do with tenderfeet,
To bring him to his senses about his vain conceit.

But Sandy Hale was tearing mad, and said in accents rude,
I don't suppose you ever heard of Western altitude;
No matter how a ranchman plants, on all the land he owns,
He can't raise every fruit and flower that grow in tropic zones.

When a ranch is nigh to 'timber-line,' why, any fool would know,
You can't make tiger lilies and johnny-jump-ups grow.
Why, man! perhaps you never thought, we're two miles in the
air,
Which is n't the locality for horticulture rare.

But we've all got this advantage in being up so high:
We've odds against those men abroad, in a transit to the sky,
For when we 'cinch' on our angel wings, we'll handicap the rest,
And land ahead of every one, whose soaring is the best.

If it's fancy landscape gardening that you would like to do,
In a region that would pay you, where the altitude is new,
If you'd make a name forever, that would positively speak—
Just try your hand at planting on the summit of Pike's Peak.

Just run some steam pipes up the sides, enclose the top with glass,
Haul up a million tons of earth, in which to sow your grass;
In this novel summer-garden, plant all your vines and trees,
Where men could listen to the band and drink their wine in ease.

This English imitation scanned the cowboy with disdain,
And said he would not condescend to beat him with his cane;
For insolence so horrid was only worthy of a beast,
And quite beneath his dignity to notice in the least.

Then the cowboys gave a merry yell, and said, with one accord:
“Let’s hear some more fine stories of when you were abroad;
Go to the English Channel, it’s the proper place to drown;
We’ll lend a good, strong lariat, and rocks to pull you down.”



A TENDERFOOT AND THE BRONCHO.

A tenderfoot to Stirrup Ranch came from an Eastern college—
His head was packed with ancient lore and scientific knowledge;
He had pity on the cowboys, and mourned that they should be
So benighted, that it seemed to him “just imbecility.”

“Now, if there is a thing I know,” he said to them one day,
“It is to train a fractious horse in a scientific way.
You know, in all the riding-schools we have throughout the East,
We learn the traits, both good and bad, that center in the beast.

“A horse soon knows his master, I suppose you’ve often heard,
And a strong, magnetic person can conquer with a word;
You touch him here, you touch him there, you make him feel
your power,
And I venture to assert the fact, you’ll subdue him in an hour.

“You cowboys,” he continued, “have no method when you train;
Your horses take advantage, when they have too free a rein;
They go with no decided gait—they rush and run with speed,
When a little rigid discipline is really what they need.”

Soon Billy White roped in a horse, and brought it to his side,
Saying, "Mister, here's a broncho I would like to see you ride;
Sometimes he needs 'uncorking', but when that time occurs
I ram a hold on forward cinch with a heavy dose of spurs.

"That's wrong, my friend," he answered back; "that way will
never do;

To train unruly horses is a matter, I tell you,
Which needs a little patience, but in time he'll gentle be—
I'll show you all how quickly he has confidence in me."

So Billy White and Hal McClure, and Alec Mermod, too,
Stood 'round to see this tenderfoot perform his capers new.
He walked around from head to tail, and figured up his size,
And then stood off full twenty feet, to catch the broncho's eyes.

He said to all: "He sees me there, and then he see me here,
And as I stroke his flowing mane, he knows that I am near;
So now he sees I have the power, and sees I am the master;
I'll show you how to ride him now, and stick to him like plaster."

With his foot upon the stirrup, and his hand upon the horn,
He threw his leg the other side this horse—a broncho born;
And as he did he looked around, as if for admiration,
That all might think he was the man to fill the situation.

But sad to say, his power great had failed to do its work,
For then began the bucking feat, with its spasmodic jerk.
A second buck, and all at once his stirrups he did leave,
While the horse then took to "swapping ends," and gave a heavy
heave;

Which sent the tenderfoot so high, he thought he'd "hit the trail"
To heaven, or some other place, to tell his little tale;
He struck the ground full forty-feet from where the broncho stood,
And landed square upon his back, across a log of wood.

His mind began to wander, while the cowboys gave a cheer,
And cried: "He could not ride a sheep or a little yearling steer."
So, as they all were laughing loud, they placed him in a chair,
And said: "Old boy, we think that now the broncho sees you
there."

"You had better try your power in a little different way;
For when you come to Stirrup Ranch," the cowboys all did say,
"A broncho soon will show you that he is n't such a fool,
As to need your fine instruction from an Eastern riding-school.

"Go back at once where you belong, with patent-leather boots,
And smoke your scented cigarettes, and wear lawn-tennis suits.
The way to "bust a broncho" is a little bit of knowledge
You can not learn from teachers in a Massachusetts college."



THE TENDERFOOT AND THE BRONCHO.

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LEAVING THE RANCH.

NOW, ever since that tenderfoot came here to stay last Fall,
The ranch don't suit our Jonathan in any way at all ;
He's took to readin' all the books that chap left here behind,
And work amongst the cattle is n't suited to his mind.

There never was a smarter boy a-shooting elk and deer,
And Jonathan could not be beat a-roundin' up a steer.
He could plow the biggest kind of patch, and reap and hoe
and dig,
And there was no better hand around in cuttin' up a pig.

But now he says he's goin' in for different kind of work
Among the learned professions, and will study like a Turk
To get his own diploma and a lawyer's fine degree.
Well, well, my boy ; I wont say much, but only wait and see.

A thought has just been lately a-stickin' in my craw,
Wonderin' if the boy has "gumption" to understand the law.
It's a most perplexing study to master every branch,
And I know it would be easier to stay upon the ranch.

'T is now full twenty years or more—I left the State of Maine
To try my luck out in the West and a better fortune gain;
On New England rocky farms I found I could n't earn my bread,
And so I took to raisin' stock out in this land instead.

I've paid for every acre, and got cattle all about,
Which will give me quite a penny when I go to "cut them out."
The Bar L, X (LX) is just as good as any on the range,
There is no other fancy breed with which I would exchange.

I'll spend my days upon the ranch; I never care to move;
But Jonathan says he to me, that's gettin' in a groove.
He wants to gain, he told me, some notions broad and wide,
And says he's bound to see the world upon another side.

For all these things you have to have a certain kind of knack,
And this is just the common sense that many people lack.
They think their plow is runnin' smooth and so begin to brag;
Then, all at once, before they know, they've struck a mighty
snag.

But I see that Jonathan is "sot," so I'll let him go and try,
Though he must spend the money I meant to give him when I die;
And so, Maria, just begin to pack his travellin'-box—
Put in the comfort that you knit and his woolen winter socks.

And give him, too, my stout brogans and my dark-blue flannel shirt,

'T is just the kind that 's fit for town, for it does n't show the dirt;
And those yaller leather mittens, that I bought so cheap last Spring,
To keep his fingers nice and warm, will be the very thing.

And when I come to think of it, I really just suppose
He ought to have a spick and span new suit of heavy clothes;
Perhaps, the usefulest would be snuff-colored corduroy,
'T will last forever, and I think would really suit the boy.

My mother use to think, for me no other stuff would do,
And once a year she scrubbed my clothes and made them look
like new.

Why, those very pants are hanging on a hook up in the loft ;
They 're kinder hard and stiff, I know, for age do n't make 'em
soft.

But they 'd be too short for Jonathan, for his legs are thin and
long,

While I was built quite heavy set, and stumpy, stout, and strong.
He 'll miss the grub he gets at home—his venison and cakes,
His sausages and bacon, and the bread his mother bakes.

But dry your tears, Maria, we must give the boy a chance,
Although it almost breaks my heart to have him leave the ranch.
He 'll miss his "pitchin' broncho" he 's rode for many a year ;
The highest "bucker" in the State, but he never had a fear.

He 'll miss the "prairie schooner," the old gray ploddin' mules,
A-rustlin' 'round in Denver to all them lawyer schools;
A-riding on the cable-cars, and the fast electric roads,
When he does n't know what minute they 'll be pitchin' off their
loads.

I need the help of Jonathan for one important thing—
I was thinking that I'd "prospect" up on the ranch this Spring;
For they 've struck it pretty rich, I hear, a mile or so away, -
And the "Copper King" just branches off toward my land, they
say.

But he says he'd rather use his tongue than a shovel or a pick;
He can make more gold by argument, and make it fast and quick.
If this is so, of course, I feel no money would I grudge,
If I could see my Jonathan turn out a learned judge.

But still, with all the glory of a lawyer's grand career,
I'd rather be a ranchman in the "round-up" every year;
I'd rather roam in cañons, 'neath the shadows of the peaks,
Than have that mighty gift of gab, with which a lawyer speaks.

OLD EPHRAIM'S LAST FEED.

THE round-up in the Rockies, in the pleasant month of June,
Had been about completed, and the light of stars and moon
Shone down upon the cabin of the famous Stirrup Ranch,
Where a Southern wind was blowing, gently stirring leaf and
branch.

After branding ninety yearlings, and corralling all the steers,
The cowboys turned in early for the sleep that knows no fears;
But piles of eggs and bacon had disappeared from sight,
To prove the healthy quality of a "puncher's" appetite.

No cards were dealt that evening—each sought his welcome bed,
While not a thought of prowling bears had entered any head.
None dreamed a savage grizzly, hidden not far away,
Would pounce upon their cattle before the light of day.

But thirsting for a taste of blood, the wild and hungry beast
Stole softly from the ambush to begin his ghoulish feast;
And charging down upon the bunch this intruder, fierce and bold,
Soon sunk his teeth and deadly claws deep in a three-year-old.

Then in another instant he had laid his victim low,
Who could offer no resistance to its dread and fearless foe;
Whose busy jaws were munching, with growling, greedy sound,
The warm and bleeding carcass, as it lay upon the ground.

But when his hunger was appeased, the savage grizzly bear,
With soft and stealthy footsteps, crept again within his lair;
And with his stomach surfeited, no vigil did he keep,
But in a heavy stupor he soon was fast asleep.

The clock had just struck seven, and the sun had risen high,
While all the cowboys of the ranch were moving on the fly
In saddling up the bronchos and preparing for the day,
When they would ship their yearly stock to "feeders" far away.

But in rounding up the cattle they discovered, with surprise,
The bones of one poor creature lying just before their eyes.
A moment's glance sufficed to show the mischief that was done,
So every "puncher" on the ranch was quick to load his gun.

Each jumped astride his broncho, to ride the country o'er,
To hunt that bold, marauding bear, and bring him to their door.
And, as their luck was with them, soon behind some fallen trees,
They spied the big, brown grizzly, sleeping soundly at his ease.

Then Billy White dismounted, as he said : "I do not care,
I want to have a tussle with that darned old grizzly bear ;
I won't shoot him while he's sleeping, let him stand up like a man,
And I'll pop him into kingdom come, if any fellow can."

"We owe that thieving beast a grudge, and since we've got a
chance

We'll make him pay for eating free lunches on our ranch.
We don't propose to keep our steers to fill his ugly hide,
And we'll let him aid digestion now with leaden pills inside."

As Billy finished speaking, the bear, taken by surprise,
Growled fiercely at the cowboy, with frenzy in its eyes;
With gnashing teeth, erect and bold, upon its legs it stood,
Then rushed for Billy with a roar, through the cactus and the
wood.

Billy's courage was undaunted—it stood the fiery test,
For, like a flash, he raised his gun, aimed at the shaggy breast;
For the hunters in the Rockies say the time to shoot a bear
Is when he's walking toward you, with his nose up in the air.

And the cowboys watch him closely, abiding by this rule;
So when the bear walks like a man he falls, like any fool;
For then he has the spot exposed, where bullets go right through,
And turning up his ugly toes is all that he can do.

With a mighty crash fell Ephraim before the deadly shot,
And he struggled in his death throes from the ball so stinging hot,
While Billy spoke, triumphant: "As sure as I'm alive,
I was bound to get that critter with my trusty forty-five."

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The cowboys gathered round him, saying: "Bully! Bill, for you;
'Twas lucky for your gizzards that your aim was quick and true.
For if, my boy, it hadn't been, you'd be a goner, sure;
For hugging bears can break the bones, no man can mend or cure.

They turned the body over, as it rested on its side,
And with a sharp and ready knife they soon took off the hide;
O'er the back of one fine broncho they threw his tawny skin,
Then "hit the trail" to Stirrup Ranch in the pace that's sure to
win.

They stretched it out upon the roof and dried it in the sun,
And all the boys looked on with pride when soon the work was
done;
And often, when the Winter's wind is breaking bough and branch,
They sit upon this grizzly's skin on the floor at Stirrup Ranch.

They spin their yarns, they tell their tales of daring and of strife,
And all the bold adventures that fill a cowboy's life,
When, with lariat and rifle, they roam the Rockies through,
To bag the biggest mountain game a hunter ever knew.

LANKY BILL AND THE PARSON.

In the good old days of '89,
When the boom was on in Creede,
The miners came in thousands strong,
To gather gold with greed.

The "prospects" all they gobbled up —
No stranger had a show;
They thought that cussing helped along,
And triggers were not slow.

There was no law to guide their lives
Between the wrong and right,
So quarrels were adjusted by
A rough-and-tumble fight.

And when it was a serious case
A weapon was at hand,
Which laid the victim quickly down,
To grovel in the sand.

The boss of all those contests was
A chap called Lanky Bill,
The men all knew his aim was good —
He always shot to kill.

By his decision to abide
The men were all agreed,
To make his word unwritten law
In the mining camp of Creede.

Men lived in every sort of shack,
Of plain slab-sided style,
And were content with scanty fare
If they could make their pile.

And in their haste to make it soon
Ne'er gave a nail or board
To build a good old meeting-house,
For service to the Lord.

One Sabbath day the parson came,
And eagerly did seek
Among the miners for a crowd,
That he might plainly speak

About a future meeting-house,
Which they should surely start—
This was a mission in his life,
Held closely to his heart.

And as he looked around the street
He spied a crowd quite soon,
But the men had all assembled
In the lighted-up saloon.

He saw each one, with anxious face,
Watch eagerly the wheel,
Which, as a thief, turned in its course
Their hard-earned gold to steal.

He heard the sound of poker chips,
The rattling of the dice,
But did not understand the games
That needed such device.

He heard the sound of clinking glass
In this unruly crowd ;
He heard the contests over cards,
In all their voices loud.

Undaunted in his zealous work,
He boldly entered in,
And shook the hand of Lanky Bill,
In this abode of sin.

Bill greeted him with smiles, and said :
“ Why, parson, howdy do ?
Is there any thing you ’d like to ask,
That I could do for you ? ”

“ Yes, I would like to speak awhile, ”
The parson quick replied.
“ That you shall do, ” said Bill at once,
And then he loudly cried.

“ Keep still, you men; lay down your cards ;
This is the parson’s day.
Now, listen with attentive ears
To all he has to say. ”

Then all was silence in that place ;
None dared to speak a word.
They knew quite well ’t was Lanky Bill,
Whose voice they just had heard.

The parson soon began to speak,
And from the Bible read.
He told them all to be good men,
In that old camp of Creede.

He spoke about their former homes —
That dearest place of old ;
Of mothers, wives, and little ones,
They left to seek for gold.

And when he urged them, for the sake
Of all those tender ties,
To lead a better life, he saw
The tears were in their eyes.

He told them he had come to Creede
To see if he could build
A meeting-house, where all could go
To hear what God had willed.

A few words more, then Parson Jones
Stepped down upon the floor,
And bade them all a kind good-by
As he went out the door.

Then Lanky Bill stood up at once —

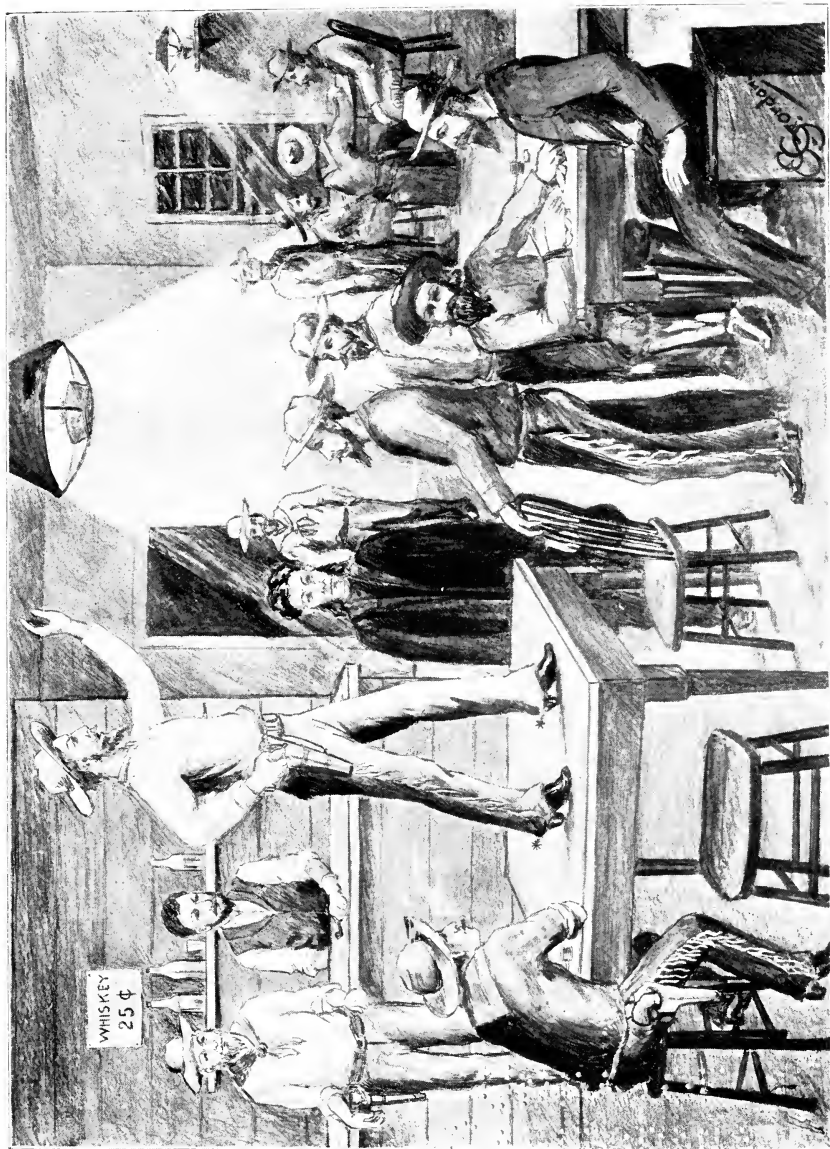
“I’ll tell you, boys,” he said,
“The parson’s right in his advice ;
We’ll have some sort of shed.”

“I’ll pass the hat to every one,
So drop your dollars in,
We’ll put the parson in a place
As neat as any pin.”

So, when the hat was passed around,
Bill counted up the dust —
“Just ninety-six ‘cold plunks,’ ” he cried,
“A meeting-house, or bust.”

Then Lanky took the ninety-six,
And played it “on the green.”
The way he threw those bones around,
His like had ne’er been seen.

He threw a seven, then eleven,
And then he threw a five ;
When next he rolled, a tray and deuce —
He skinned them all alive.



"THEN LANKY BILL STOOD UP AT ONCE—"

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ALPHABETIC

He placed his money on the black,
And next upon the red;
And as the little ball rolled round
It dropped just when he said.

In the game of draw he took a hand
With confidence and grace,
For he could bet just what he pleased—
No limit did he place.

The cards were dealt, the jack pot came,
And then it was Bill's play;
He said: "I'll see that fifty raise—
I think I'm going to stay."

Then came the draw. How many cards?
The task was really hard,
As all stood pat, but Bill replied:
"Just pass me o'er one card."

The bets began to roll quite high,
Until a "call" was made,
And then they all threw down their hands,
From a diamond to a spade.

A "full" was there and then four tens —
 "Four kings," cried Jimmy Maces—
"I'll take that pot," old Bill replied —
 The "cutter" and four aces.

Bill's luck was with him all that night —
 It was his turn to win;
As every time he made a play
 He raked the good coin in.

So, when the morning came around,
 His little pile he counted —
"Eight hundred dollars to the cent" —
 And then his horse he mounted.

He had not ridden very far
 When he met old Parson Jones;
"Here is the cash, old man," he said,
 "We'll hear them gospel tones."

"Take this," said Bill, "eight hundred plunks—
 It's every cent for you;
Go build your little meeting house,
 And I will take a pew."

The Parson stood and looked at Bill—
The tears rolled down his cheek;
“ My dear, good man, I thank you much,”
Was all that he could speak.

In three weeks' time the church was built,
And Parson Jones held sway;
Men flocked to hear him by the score,
To sing the psalms and pray.

The faithful man worked hard and long
In that old camp at Creede,
And soon 'twas seen, some really tried
A better life to lead.

And now, to-day, this parson keeps
Within his memory still,
A tender thought for one called “bad,”
Whose name was Lanky Bill.

MY SWEETHEART ON THE RANCH.

Oh, my sweetheart, she's a beauty, and lives on Circle X ⊗;
Her cheeks are just as ruddy as a rose;
Her smiles are bright as sunshine, and her words can never vex
The lover whose affection she well knows.

We have wandered in the cañon, 'neath the green and shady pine,
And drank from out the crystal mountain stream
A nectar draught more welcome than the sweet falernian wine,
That in the poet's glass did often gleam.

We have picked from out the crevice of the bare and barren rock
The blossoms we have looked on with delight,
And the little chip munks running never gave her nerves a shock
As they scampered o'er the stones within our sight.

Oh, my sweetheart, she's a daisy and rides her broncho well,
And leads me off a dashing, lively pace;
But astride a "puncher's" saddle no danger ere befell
The girl who shows her courage in her face.

And the rifle that she handles never misses steady aim,
As the fleeting elk and deer before her know;
A shot, and all is over, and she sees the fallen game
In all their pride and beauty lying low.


Oh, my sweetheart, I am hoping when the fates are good and
kind,
And the ranch of double B (BB) is all my own,
I can claim the girl that suits both my fancy, heart and mind,
And be the happiest lad the world has known.



THE DANCE AT STIRRUP RANCH.

*Respectfully inscribed to my friend, Alec Mermod,
of Stirrup Ranch, Colorado.*

There was hurrying and scurrying
In the cabin on the ranch:
Girls were scrubbing floors with vigor,
Boys cut the greenest branch
From the cedar and the pine trees
To decorate the walls,
'Till the rooms looked all as nobby
As old baronial halls.

For the last September "round up"
Had been finished with success,
As the jolly, ruddy cowboys
Did in their pride confess.
So to celebrate the branding,
They said they'd like a chance
To ask the girls from Diamond T 
And have a little dance.

And Double X (XX) can furnish some,
So we'll invite them in,
And have old Wilson play the horn
And Jim the violin.
We'll each corral the girl we love
And in our places file,
While in the old Virginia reel
We'll dance in cowboy style.

Just as the sun was setting,
Along the mountain road
Came the "prairie schooners," holding
Each merry, laughing load.
Their happy, ringing voices
Filled all the air around,
While rocky slopes, in melody,
Re-echoed with the sound.

The girls were dressed in muslins
They had washed and ironed with care,
And down beneath their bonnets
Hung their curls of shining hair.
No jewels decked the fingers
That had often milked and churned,
But the color in their faces
Showed the roses they had earned.

Still the faithful mules climbed upward
With a steady pace for miles;
But when the girls reached Stirrup Ranch
Each face was wreathed with smiles.
With gracious words the cowboys all
Helped each one to alight,
And said, "I tell you, girls, we'll have
Some bully fun to-night."

“We’re glad you came,” said Charlie King,
“Us fellows ‘on the range’
Get tired throwing lariats,
And need a little change.
To the music of the violins
We can step a lively pace,
With the feet thatapederos
You thought could only grace.”

Then Martha Shinn, from Circle C, ©
Looked up with roguish fun,
And said: “I bet you, boys, I’ll dance
Until the rise of sun;
For I’m happy when I’m dancing,
I feel as if on wings,
I forget about the churning
And other earthly things.”

But soon the dusk began to fall,
And the coal-oil lamps did gleam
In their brightness, through the windows,
Reflecting every beam.
Then Hal McClure called out aloud,
“Strike up the violin,
Lead out your partners for a waltz
And let the dance begin.”

Old Wilson blew his ancient horn,
While Jim drew down his bow,
And each, with light, fantastic step,
Around the floor did go.
The cowboy spurs all tingled loud
From heavy, high-heeled boots,
But 'tis this noise, amid the dance,
That a ranch girl's fancy suits.

A two-step next they danced with zest,
A polka and quadrille,
When "swing your partners" could be heard,
And "forward all," said Bill;
"Grand right and left and first four cross,"
"Then swing the op'site girl,"
"Come to your places, turn around,"
"And all your corners whirl."

When quite exhausted with the dance
Each one then took a seat
At the table of the ranch house,
The tempting feast to eat.
There was apples, nuts and cider,
With rolls and cakes heaped high,
Which were renewed as often as
The cowboys made them fly.

But two from out the number seemed
 To have no appetite,
For soon they left the merry crowd
 To disappear from sight.
They thought that none would notice
 That their actions were so sly,
But the cowboys, knowing and alert,
 Winked to each a merry eye.

In a far-off corner sitting,
 Tony looked in Sarah's eyes,
And thought how he could ask her
 For the heart that he would prize.
Long, long had been this "puncher's" love
 For the sweet girl by his side,
But now he wished to know if he
 Could claim her for his bride?

No fitting words came to him,
 He sat in mute despair,
While the violin was playing
 An old familiar air.
The dance had started up again
 In the mazes of the waltz,
But Tony still thought of the girl
 Who had for him no faults.

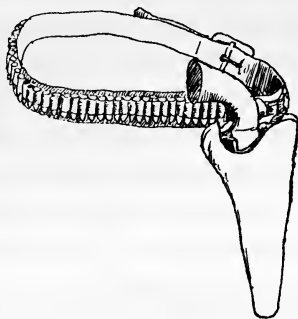
At last he summoned courage,
And said, in manly tone:
"My darling little 'Maverick'
May I brand you for my own?
I would like to be your owner,
So will you be my wife?
And I'll promise to be faithful
'Till the 'round up' of my life."

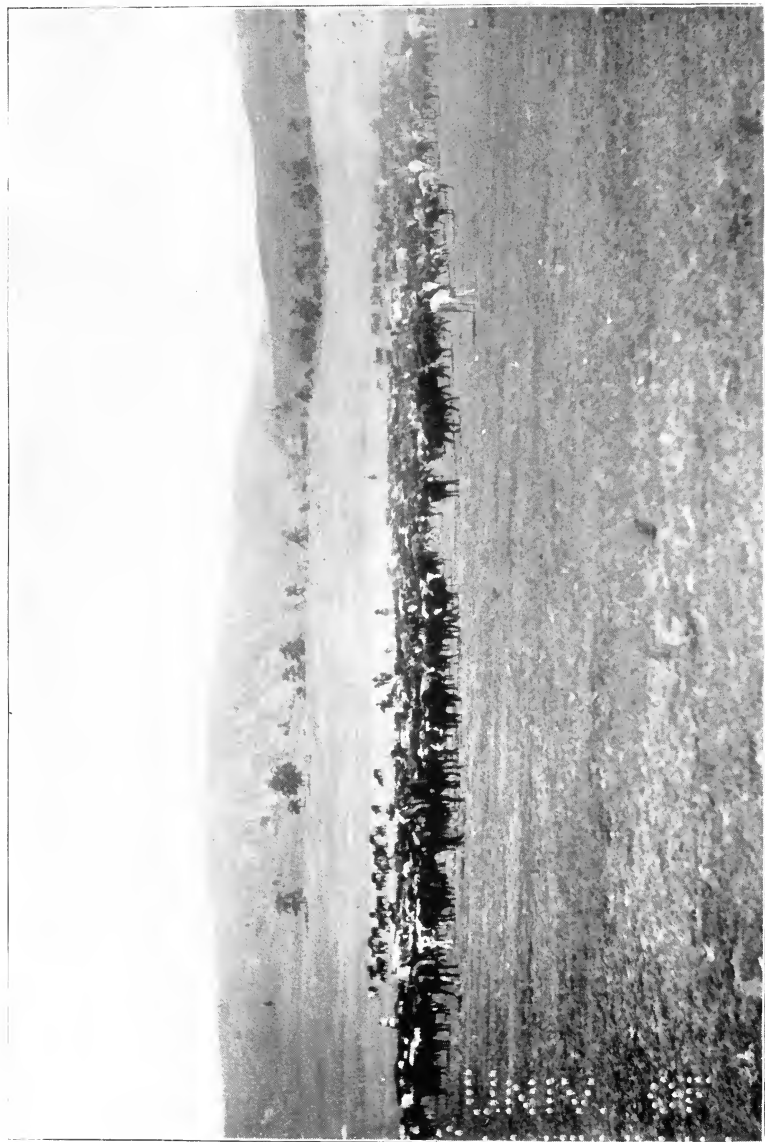
Sarah trembled with emotion
At the loving, tender words;
To her they were more welcome
Than the sweetest songs of birds.
She crept up close to Tony,
Her hand in his did rest,
While with his other brawny arm
He clasped her to his breast.

But the dancers saw the tableau,
And crowded all around,
To interrupt proceedings
In the bliss, so newly found;
While the cowboys carried Tony
On their shoulders 'round the room,
The girls were kissing Sarah,
Amid her blushes' bloom.

Then both were seated quickly
In the middle of the floor,
While congratulations freely
Upon them both did pour.
All formed a ring about them,
And danced around with glee —
Each cowboy with his sweetheart
Was a joyful sight to see.

But the lovers were as happy
As lovers ere could be,
And received the homage paid them
With becoming modesty.
Then Tony stood up, saying:
“ We'll kill a fatted steer,
And invite you to a wedding
'Fore the 'round up' of next year.”





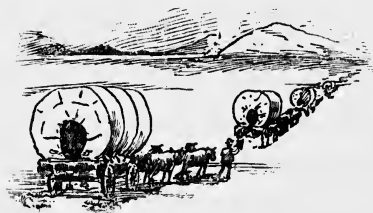
WORKING THE BUNCH ON THE CATTLE ROUND-UP.

LEAVING THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.



PROGRESSION, with her torch of light,
Came westward in her mighty flight;
And with her came the White Man's hold;
And with her went the Indian bold.

Across the plains the pioneer
Triumphant came in his career,
To build anew the shrine of home,
From which his steps no more would roam.



Oft in the contest, hand-to-hand
He met his foe—the Indian band,
Who sought to save their hunting ground
With savage strength and sinew sound.

But filled with rage within his breast,
Against his pale, unbidden guest,
The Indian's sullen anger stirred
When e'er the White Man's voice he heard.



And when, beside the council fire,
They met to smoke, and vent their ire;
Defiant rose each angry chief,
Whose words of vengeance veiled his grief.

In Wass' and Red Moon's faces flamed
The savage blood, which was untamed.
Talota cried, with grim Nortiez:
“ 'Tis blood alone can wrongs appease.”

Severo, joined by Shavenaux,
Shrieked out: "We'll die before we go ;
Yes, we will wage a bloody strife—
For well we wield the ax and knife."

With frowning brow, dark as a cloud,
Alhandra spoke in accents loud :
"We yet will see the White Man's bones
Bleach out on land the Indian owns."

Then Tapuch, rising from the ground,
Yelled out the awful war whoop's sound;
And all the frenzy of the hour
Gave to the cry an added power.

Oh, sad the scene, and dark the day,
When from the lips of great Ouray
Fell lamentations for his race,
Who never quailed a foe to face !

When he arose, this chieftain old,
Said: "My warriors, brave and bold,
Thirst not for blood — the skies are gray;
Beneath the clouds we pass away.

“ We go, we go, my Indian braves;
We leave our homes and father's graves;
The white man thinks we have no heart,
To sunder all these ties apart.

“ We fall, we fall, as autumn leaves
When on the tree the frost king breathes;
Our destiny and fate is sealed —
To force and numbers we must yield.

“ The buffalo, the elk, the deer,
Will flee before the pioneer;
Subsistence for the tribes no more
Exists as in the days of yore.

“ Where now our humble tepees stand
The white man's towns will dot the land;
Too soon, too soon, no single trace
Of Indian blood will mark the race.”

But, as he spoke, the aged chief,
In sobs and tears, found sad relief.
“ Farewell,” he cried, and waved his hand;
“ Farewell forever, Indian land.”

The dusky squaws, in wailing low,
In sorrow wept amid their woe,
And prayed: "Great Spirit of our race;
Oh, help us as we leave this place.

" 'Twas here the papoose we did rear,
'Twas here we dressed the skins of deer,
'Twas here we buried all our dead,
And here our daughters chieftains wed.



"But now the storm breaks in its force,
Disaster follows in its course;
And, oh, the Red Man's squaw will grieve
When her loved tepee she must leave."

Regret was vain — the Indian saw
He must obey the Nation's law;
Reluctantly, with stoic pride,
He left the land where fathers died.

While striving hard to crush a sigh,
He passed his pale-faced conquerors by;
He looked toward the setting sun,
And mourned the days whose course had run.

To hunting grounds they bade adieu
When sadly seeking pastures new,
And in the land, so wide and vast,
To reservations on they passed.

In Colorado's sunny clime
The Utes must still abide their time,
While brave Ignacio leads the band,
To rule dictator of his land.

And now, to-day, the plowshare turns
The ground for which the Indian yearns;
But civilization, in its sway,
Is Nature's law — we must obey.

And as by skill that sculptors own,
The image springs from out of stone,
So in the power the white man wields
All hidden wealth the ground reveals.



THE MINING PROSPECTOR.

A mining prospector started out with his tools —
His pick and his shovel and measuring rules;
With a camping outfit, and powder and drill,
To stake off a “claim” on the steep, rocky hill.



He worked with a will from day unto day,
In order to strike some ore that would pay;
Sinking deeper his shaft, with windlass and rope,
He hauled up the rock with a heart full of hope.

But one of his friends, who was standing quite near,
Said: "Your toil is in vain, from what I can hear
From many who've worked before on this ground—
No mineral at all will ever be found.

"You are wasting your time, as I might have done,
On ore that will yield not a cent to the ton;
My advice is all free — you're a fool if you stick
To this worthless old "claim," with your shovel and pick."

But he was not dismayed, he went right along
In sinking his shaft and singing his song;
He was never discouraged as he went on his way,
Still striving to strike the ore that would pay.

He looked at some pieces, with glass in his hand,
To find if it showed a good "lead" on his land;
When a "trace" of pure gold appeared to his sight
His face brightened up with a look of delight.

The croakers still jeered, as they watched him at work;
These men constituted all labor to shirk;
They laughed, as they said that his judgment was wild,
For only an idiot would be so beguiled.

When the rock that he found showed a heavy "assay,"
He thought of the fortune which was coming his way;
But all his hopes dropped, like the stick of a rocket,
When he learned that his ore was but a small "pocket."

At last, in a "drift," which he once had passed by,
He discovered the "vein" that dazzled his eye;
And thus, with the wealth good fortune did send,
His days of "prospecting" came quick to an end.

When he told to his friends the wonderful news,
An immediate change occurred in their views
About the poor land he had worked with such pluck
As to yield him at last his fortunate luck.

One said to the other: "I told you he'd win;
I knew from the first the 'vein' he was in;
I said to the boys, he'll soon strike the ore,
And I prophesied well, as often before."

Another remarked: "I've made it a rule
To stick to the boy I knew when at school.
So howdy, old Jim; do you remember, I say,
When we both got a 'licking' from the teacher one day?"

“ I’m a sort of relation,” said another ; “ let’s see,
Your step-mother’s cousin in the second degree
Was my mother’s aunt — I am glad it was so —
‘Blood is thicker than water,’ as Jim, you must know.”

One clasped his hard hand with vigor and zest,
And said: “ Of all friends I consider you best;
If you want any help, I tell you, my man,
I’m the one to assist you if any one can.

The prospector smiled on at all that he heard,
For he inwardly knew the motive which stirred
Such sudden affection from those who had jeered
At him and his work, ere his wealth had appeared.

“ My friends,” he replied, “try this rule to obey:
Don’t judge of a man till you’ve made an ‘assay’
Of worth that’s intrinsic, ere tinged with the gold
That clothes human nature with virtues untold.”

CHRISTMAS ON CIRCLE A RANCH.

“ Well, boys, I think we'd better get
A 'rustle' on this place,”
Said the Captain of the “ Round-Up,”
With a smile upon his face.

For you know to-day is Christmas,
And 'twill be no more than right
To celebrate the happy day
With a tasty little bite.

We'll invite the punchers over —
All the boys from Bar L 8 18,
And we'll have a little blow out
That is strictly up to date.

Our “ round-up” of this Fall, you know,
Beats the record of last May,
As the tally in our branding book
Shows well for Circle A ④



BRANDING CALVES.

1914. 54
CALIFORNIA

So we deserve a jubilee
As a pleasant little change,
For the time will soon be round again
To "rustle" on the range.

So then they hastened to prepare
A good-sized leg of veal,
With savory herbs and dressing rich,
To serve their Christmas meal.

They sniffed the odor of the meat
With a cowboy's keen delight,
And sat down to the Christmas cheer
With a hearty appetite.

They drank their cider, cracked their nuts,
Amid their laugh and fun,
Nor did they leave their joyful feast
Until the set of sun.

"Light every lamp within the house,"
The Captain cried aloud;
And soon they all were shining bright
Upon the happy crowd.

They piled the logs upon the hearth
Until the flames shot high,
And as each one his story told
The moments soon slipped by.

Their hearts seemed softened by the hour,
As they spoke of Auld Lang Syne;
They looked with hope within their hearts
To a future happy time —

When each would own a ranch himself
And settle down for life,
When the sweetheart, held so near and dear,
Would be a cowboy's wife.

And as they smoked their briar pipes,
Held firmly in each jaw,
A "puncher" there suggested
That they have a game of draw.

Then Teddy Wayne, our Captain,
Pulled the cards from 'neath his belt,
And in the twinkling of an eye
They soon were quickly dealt.

The coin rolled fast upon the board
In this social little game,
And no one dared to make a bluff
To risk his honest name.

The hands had run quite evenly,
When a "jack-pot" changed the bet,
And each drew down to his own hand
To see what he could get.

Old Andy pulled a pair of kings
As in his chair he sat,
But Teddy drew a little heart,
While Alec he "stood pat."

Which made the others drop their hand
And look with eager eye,
To see who drew the lucky card
With "royal flush, ace high."

Then Teddy shoved in fifty
And Alec stood the "raise,"
But Andy popped it fifty more,
As in his olden days.

The bets were running very high,
With silver coin galore,
When, suddenly, a knock was heard
Upon the ranch house door.

The boys had heard the rumbling sound
Of a "prairie schooner" near,
And wondered who had come to join
Their merry Christmas cheer.

"Who's there?" was quickly shouted out;
And a trembling voice replied:
"Please let us in; we are so cold,
And hungry, too, beside."

At once the door was opened wide —
Not a moment did they wait,
While a weary woman and her son
Their story did relate.

The tears rolled down the mother's cheeks,
As she stood beside her boy,
With a look of sadness in her face
And a heart that knew no joy.

“ ’Tis many days since we set out
Across the plains to roam,”
She said, “ and thought that we could find
A place to call our home.

“ Within our wagon’s covered sides
We have driven day and night,
And were so glad to see the beams
Shining from your lamps so bright—

“ A beacon light upon the road,
As we drove up with our team
Through the gulches and the cañons deep
And across the mountain stream.”

She added : “ For a week or more
We have had but little food,
While the driving snow and wintry blasts
Have chilled our very blood.

“ Not only cold and hunger’s pain
Has in our life had part,
But death has laid its cruel hand
On one nearest to our heart.

“ For a father and a husband dear,
Who was our prop and stay,
Now sleeps within a lonely grave
That by the roadside lay.

“ Without a stone to mark the place
When we laid his bones to rest —
He little thought this fate would end
His journey to the west.”

“ Perhaps,” she said, in faltering tones ;
“ Perhaps you men would give,
In the name of the Good Shepherd,
A mite to help us live.

“ Just a few of your stray pennies
Would give us both a lift—
So, thankfully, would we receive
A little Christmas gift.”

She moved the heart of every boy
That stood among the lot.

“ Take this,” they cried; and in her hand
They placed the big jack pot.

She looked at all the men around
With quick, astonished gaze,
For all this coin — her Christmas gift —
Her very eyes did daze.

“Take it,” said Andy, with a smile ;
“’Twill last for many a week,
To buy you comforts on the way,
As still a home you seek.”

“We’ll end this game of poker, boys—”
Fell from his manly lips;
“We’ll give our guests a Christmas meal,
When we put away the chips.”

The woman listened silently—
She knew not what to say ;
But down upon her knees she fell
And fervently did pray.

Then, rising up, she thanked each one
For all their help and aid.
“God bless you with his loving care,”
In heart-felt tones, she said.

“ I'll ne'er forget this Christmas night,
Which brought me to your door,
And may the joy you brought to me
Be yours forever more.”



A CRIPPLE CREEK NARRATIVE.

When the Camp Cripple Creek first made a beginning,
And miners worked hard to earn a small winning,
There strolled to the place a friendly shoemaker,
Whose card, when presented, read Jacob Van Laker.
He said he was trying his luck in the West,
So came to the camp he thought was the best,
To see what a start he could make in his trade,
In mending and selling the shoes that he made.
Van Laker, a Quaker, a village shoemaker;
A steady, hard worker, this Jacob Van Laker.

So he hung up his sign and went pegging away,
And stuck to his "last" from day unto day,
Making shoes for the miners, with a good heavy vamp,
'Till soon he had gained all the trade in the camp.
He toiled for the young and he toiled for the old,
Mending up shoes which he neatly half-soled,
But he saw that his work was not paying the same
As to others around who had staked off a "claim."
Saw Van Laker, a Quaker, a village shoemaker;
A steady, hard worker, this Jacob Van Laker.

Now, he thought it all over, and concluded 'twas best
To take his few dollars and partly invest,
To work out a "claim" of the many around,
Or to take up a section of good "placer" ground.
So he gave up his "last" and started a-going
To find where the ore a good "assay" was showing.
'Twas not very long when he struck a "pay streak"
In the "shaft" that he sunk on the hill near the creek.
Did Van Laker, a Quaker, a village shoemaker;
A steady, hard worker, this Jacob Van Laker.

He worked all "assessments" in less than a year,
At the end of which time his title was clear
To the "claim" on the hill, now in his own right—
Then his fortune began to show its first light.
As he sits in his home, in his fine easy chair,
And smokes his cigar as a big millionaire,
He says to the others: "If you'd make money fast,
Don't live in a groove and stick to your 'last.'"
Says Van Laker, a Quaker, a village shoemaker;
A steady, hard worker, this Jacob Van Laker.



VOLUNTEERS FOR THE COWBOY REGIMENT.

THE COWBOY REGIMENT.

*Dedicated to Colonel J. S. Torrey, of Embar, Wyoming, Colonel of the
Cowboy Regiment mustered in at Fort Russell, Wyoming.*

We are coming, we are coming, more than a thousand strong,
Twelve troops of cowboy cavalry will join the noble throng;
We are coming, we are coming, as we hear our country's call,
From the wild and western ranches we will serve her one and all.
We'll show the treacherous Spaniards that cowboys have no fears,
We'll round them up in our "corral" like a bunch of yearling
steers;

And we'll keep our irons in fire, and on each Spaniard brand
Dishonor's mark upon his face if e'er he dares to land.

Our faithful bronchos are our friends, and when we're in for war
We'll "cinch" our saddles to their backs as ne'er we did before;
You can bet your bottom dollar that the trusty "forty-five"
Will never let a Spaniard get away from us alive—
As every boy who rides the range can plant his leaden pill;
He never misses where he aims, he always shoots to kill.
We all are ready now to go, and can quickly "slip the cork" *
To the sunny shores of Texas, or the coast of old New York.

* To run at full speed.

THE PASSING OF THE BUFFALO.

The buffalo, in herds of millions strong,
Roamed night and day, an unmolested throng;
From northern borders to the Texas shore,
He ruled a sovereign in the days of yore.

This mighty monarch of the western plains,
Whose noble form withstood the winds and rains
Of many years, now numbered with the past—
His feet on barren wastes have trod their last.



The red man, once his fierce, relentless foe,
Too often sought to lay his victim low;
While grizzly bears upon the mountain slope,
As often dared in struggling strength to cope.



"THIS MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE WESTERN PLAINS."

No other weapon did the Indian know
Than piercing arrows, from a well-strung bow,
Until the white man came, with venture bold,
Within their midst, to search for precious gold.

But maddened indignation was in vain
Against the skill of Yankee hand and brain,
That brought to light that deadly fire-arm,
Whose quick report now dealt such fatal harm.

The noble beast had found another foe
From those who sang their song of "Westward ho!"
No longer now men sought for meat alone,
As in the days when arrow points of stone,

In well-directed aim by Indian hand,
Could furnish food to feed a hungry band.
Too soon a sacrifice to greed was made,
When skins were sought to barter and to trade.

For these the white intruder forced his way,
'Till loud reports of rifle, heard each day,
Rang o'er the land, as though a cannon pealed
The startling truth — the bison's fate was sealed.

And as these fatal balls were quickly sent
Through head and heart, these herds of millions went
To deep oblivion — remembered but in name;
A tragedy no time can e'er reclaim.

What is there left, amid our land so wide,
To mark this monarch in his stately pride?
Ah, naught but bones, still bleaching in the sun,
And ghastly skulls to show his course is run.

And as the star of Empire takes its way,
The horse of steam is seen by night and day
Still hastening fast, with black and curling smoke,
And speed increasing with each fiery stroke.

And where decaying bones still strew the ground,
The tamer cattle in their herds are found,
Which ranchmen brand and cowboys wildly chase
With horse and lariat in the "round up" race.

But with the passing of this noble beast
The daring bravery of the Indian ceased,
And hunting grounds, he once did love so well
Have to the steady march of progress fell.

.

On reservations now the blood grows cold
In savage veins, where once 'twas fierce and bold.
The Indian—proud—is destined soon to go,
As in the Passing of the Buffalo.



BUCK FEVER.

Oh, the happy exultation, that filled my heart with hope,
When first I saw a dashing deer upon the mountain slope;
I trembled with emotion, as I grasped my rifle tight,
In fear the prize, so near my aim, would vanish from my sight,

He seemed to toss his branching horns with kingly scorn and
pride,
As I crept, with silent caution, still closer to his side;
All ready for the fatal shot, I sank upon my knees,
Within my ambush hidden, just behind the "pinion" trees.

Again I scanned the mountain rocks and checked a rising cry,
As the deer, with fleeting footsteps, went swiftly rushing by;
Then I raised my rifle quickly, but the old, confounded gun
Kept shaking like an aspen, ere the shooting feat was done.

All my boyish exultation gave place to bitter rage,
And I used some words emphatic, that were neither good or sage;
But with a strong, determined will, I started on a run,
To give that deer a mighty blow with the butt end of my gun.

While in this bold, defiant mood, I hastened on his track,
Though 'tis needless to record the fact, I never got a whack;
But a branch caught in my trigger, and then ensued a noise,
Which attracted the attention of the Rocky Mountain boys.

Though I wasn't quite dismembered, I was scared almost to death,
For when the cowboys reached me I was panting, out of breath;
At last I gasped out feebly: "Did I make that last shot tell?
I'd like to see the very spot where that cranky creature fell."

My words amused them greatly—for I saw, to my dismay,
That there was something funny in all I had to say;
For the boys cried out, when laughing at my silly, stupid stare:
"We hope buck fever microbes are not flying in the air."





SONG OF THE LARIAT.

With nostril distended and wide-open eye,
O'er mountain and plain, my broncho will fly.
He sees the wild cattle, he hastens his pace,
'Till triumphant he comes ahead in the race.

Then throw the stout lariat, unfurl the strong coil,
Imprison and capture, with never a foil;
Steady! my broncho; stand fast in the track,
While muscle and sinew will pull the steer back.

We heed not the cactus, the sharp, rasping brush,
As onward, alert, through the cañons we rush;
We are ever the victors, no danger ahead
E're baffled a "puncher" that a broncho has led.

Then throw the stout lariat, unfurl the strong coil,
Imprison and capture, with never a foil;
Steady! my broncho; stand fast in the track,
While muscle and sinew will pull the steer back.

We'll rope in the yearlings, with tightening noose,
The tension that tells, we never must loose.
By neck, hoof or horns, we'll bind them all fast,
'Till the bellowing beast is conquered at last.

Then throw the stout lariat, unfurl the strong coil,
Imprison and capture, with never a foil;
Steady! my broncho; stand fast in the track,
While muscle and sinew will pull the steer back.

Oh, boys on the range, of brawn and of nerve,
Use the strength you have gained, your country to serve;
And fling out your lariat upon the keen air,
To show to the world that you'll do and you'll dare!

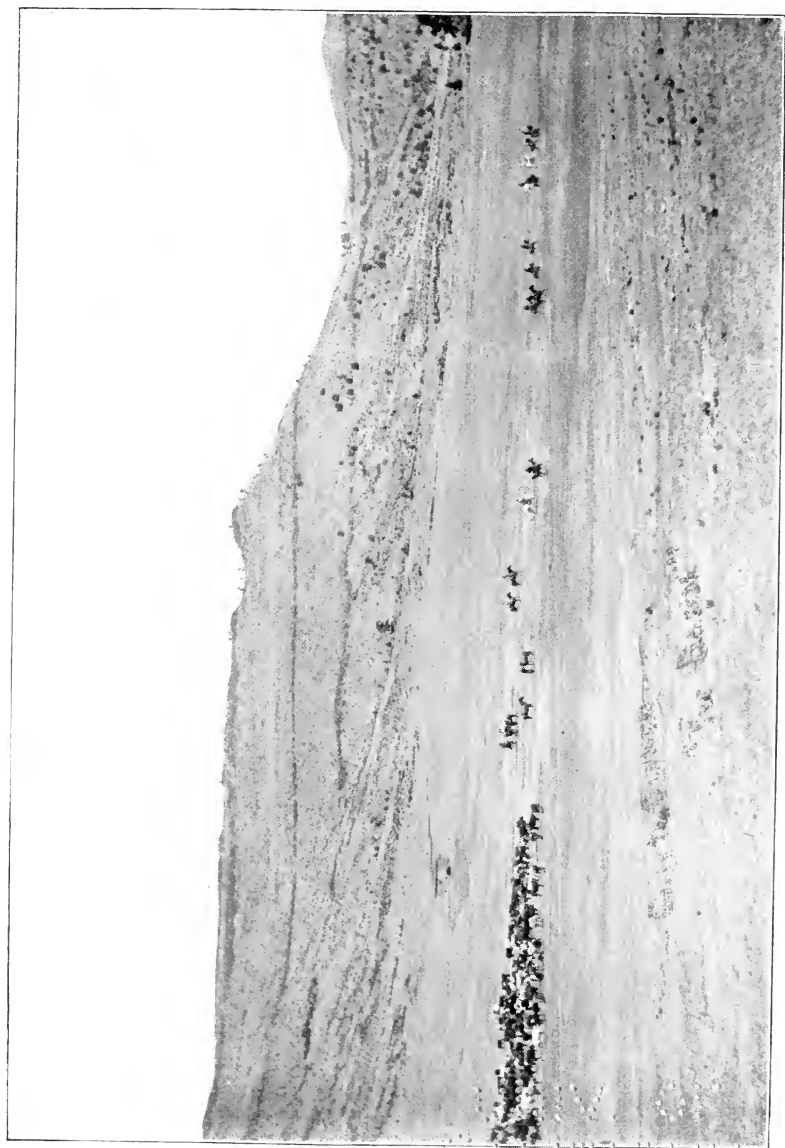
Then throw the stout lariat, unfurl the strong coil,
Imprison and capture, with never a foil;
Steady! my broncho; stand fast in the track,
While muscle and sinew will pull the steer back.

THE ROUND UP.

Up the steep side of the mountain, our broncho with safety we ride,
With his eager ears pricked forward, alert and dashing in pride,
Over the sage and the cactus, as lightning, we haste in our speed,
Over the wild, rushing torrent, whose anger we never do heed.
Over ravine and deep crevice madly the animal leaps,
Again o'er the pathway dim, in the darkness, he cautiously creeps.
Down, down o'er the bowlders, once more, his slippery hoofs are led,
Over the sharp, cutting stones, where many a broncho has bled.

Down through the cañon we gallop, o'er the perilous road we rush,
Over the saplings and flowers, over the thorns and the brush,
And the dark, green pines before us, their lengthened shadows
will fling,
As over the rough and jagged "trail" the clatter of hoofs still ring.
The rocky slopes frown in our faces, but the threatening aspect
is vain,
As again and again we cross them, climbing with loosened rein.
For never from danger ahead does the faithful broncho swerve,
As erect, defiant and brave, he strains each sinew and nerve.

Through the outlet again he rushes, with a wide-open nostril
and eye,
Straining to hear in the distance the low, far-reaching cry
Of the bunches of driven cattle, far ahead on the spreading plain,
As on to their fleeting footsteps in quick, speeding haste we gain.



CATTLE ROUND-UP—GOING TO DINNER.

We leap in our saddle, push onward; we shout as we advance
On the bellowing steers, whirling the dust as they prance—
Panting, hastening and hustling, breathing as engines aloud,
Herding and striving together, a steaming, exhausted crowd.
Then the boys "cut them out," each owner tying his calves by
the feet,

While the branding irons in the fire quickly are put to heat.
Then each takes his "bunch" of young cattle, throwing them
down without fear,

And the brands of the ranches are smoking on the sides of the
bellowing steer.





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